

gally. A Copy of Verses Humbly Presented to

All my Loving MASTERS and MISTRESSES,
in Holborn end Division, in the Parish of St. Giles in the Fields.

By Thomas Bamber, Bell-man.

28. Dec. 1691.

THE PROLOGUE.

When the Bright Sun has hid his glorious Head,
And left us in a dark nocturnal shade,
When *Morpheus* gently on your Eye-lids creep,
And charm your drowsy souls into a sleep,

Your Bell-man travels his old mid-night Road,
When stormy Winds and Tempest roar abroad;
Whilst you in silence sleep, he is your guard,
And hopes this *Christmas* you'll his care reward.

On Michaelmas-Day.

(tell'd.)
This is the Day on which Heaven's Champion
The boldest Traytors that e'er yet rebell'd,
When Hells black Prince aspiring to the Crown
Of Light, to eternal Darkness was cast down:
Oh! may his sad Example shew to all
Who dare rebel their everlasting fall;
And may we learn with Courage to oppose
The World, the Flesh and Devil our worst Foes:
So with the great St. *Michael* shall we Reign,
And never fading Happiness obtain.

All Saints Day.

This Day we solemnize the glorious Feast
Of all the Saints now in eternal Rest:
Wake then with Praise and Prayer, that you may be
Receiv'd into their blest Society:
All Saints both Dead, and Living once must come
To the great Judge, to have their final Doom;
Oh! then prepare your selves with Heavenly Fire,
That you may help to fill the happy Choir.

On the KING's Birth Day. Nov. 4.

As on this Day a Hero stout and brave
Was born, whose Courage did 3 Kingdoms save,
What Happiness does England now possess,
A Warlike *Orange* fights for Europe's Peace,
Gainst Turkish Christians and the *Romish* Race.
Then let us Celebrate this Day, and sing,
Whilst Conquering Honours waits upon our King,
Who is Defender of the Church and State,
The Love of Protestants, the Papists Hate.

On the Fifth of November.

When *James* the 1st. Great Britain's Scepter sway'd,
Twas then the Hellish Powder-Plot was laid,
Traytors conspir'd, and Treason did invent,
To ruin Kingdom, King, Pears, and Parliament:
But God in Mercy did prevent the same,
Then let us praise and magnifie his Name.

On St. Andrews Day.

St. *Andrew* was the first that Christ did call,
Who forthwith left his Ship, his Nets and all,
To follow Christ be it in Weal or Woe,
With swift Obedience his Will to do:
Then let us all like him our Profits leave,
And all our Lusts for Christ, and to him cleave,
And follow Saint *Andrew's* rare Example,
Then over Death and Hell we sure shall trample.

On St. Thomas's Day.

St. *Thomas* would not believe that Christ did Reign,
Nor that he was risen to Life again,
Unless his Wounds did plainly make't appear,
And that he was our blessed Saviour dear,
Afterwards he did believe and laid his hands along
Our blessed Saviour's side, where bloud & water sprung,
How blessed is that Man that him ne're saw
And yet believes, and of him stands in Awe.

Against Christmas.

Christmas draws on, for that blest time prepare
But let not Dainties now become a snare,
Prepare to meet the Glorious God above,
Prepare to meet him with a fervent love:
And you that Feast, remember them that fast
God will requite your kindness at the last.



On the Birth of our blessed Saviour.

Oh thou that art the King of Heaven and Earth,
How poorly wert thou attended at thy Birth,
A Manger was thy Cradle; and a Stable
Thy privy Chamber; *Mary's* Knees the Table,
Thieves were thy Courtiers, and the Cross thy Throne,
Thy dyet Gall; and a wreath of Thorns thy Crown;
All this the King of Glory endur'd, and more
To make us Kings, that were but Slaves before.

On the KING and QUEEN.

JOY, Peace and Plenty o'er the Land is spread,
Since Royal *William* has the Scepter sway'd,
And his blest Consort equally Divine,
In England's Throne mo't gloriously doth shine:
May Heaven preserve them, that their Reign may be
Attended always with Felicity:
And may they change these Kingdoms when they dye,
For Heavens bright Crowns, of everlasting Joy.

On St. Stephen's Day.

THIS is the day of the Apostle *Stephen*,
Which Blessed St. is now with Christ in Heaven;
Times president, of Martyrdom the Crown,
The first that e're for Christ his Life laid down,
Who being Stoned, curst not, but did emlore,
For unto him was open the Heavenly Door.
Whose virtuous Life, let us imitate with speed
Then at our Deaths, from Death we shall be freed.

On St. John's Day.

THE Lord great Miracles to St. *John* reveal'd
That lay to all the World beside Conceal'd;
He so belov'd was, 'tis in Scripture said
He on our Saviour's Bosom lean'd his head,

God give us Grace his Holy Works to mind,
That we the endless Joys of Heaven may find,
Where the blest Saints and Holy Angels sing,
Celestial Anthems to their Heavenly King.

On Innocent's Day.

By this days memory is understood,
The Vintage that was made of innocent Blood:
The crys complaining on a Tyrant wild,
Of many a tender *Rachel* for her Child,
Herod was up in Arms, through all the Coast
Of *Bethlem*, against the God of Hosts,
And Babes in pursuit of the Virgins Son,
Suffered the Glorious Act of Martyrdom.

On New-Years Day.

THE Year its steady course doth constant run,
No sooner ends, but it's again begun
One is no sooner past but still appears
Another new, thus Years are chain'd to Years,
Whose fruitful Seasons does for Man provide,
And all the Creatures of the Earth beside:
Thus does the Year, its active course maintain,
It comes to go, and goes to come again.

On Valentines Day.

THE Birds this Day search round the Groves,
And with sweet Notes, make choice of Loves,
Young Men and Maids do not good Customs look,
But your kind Valentines on this day choose:
For then kind pretty Maids you need not fear,
The want of a Sweet-heart for all the Year;
And if you cannot like and love each other,
On this day Twelve-month you may choose another.

To my Masters.

At Night my Masters, when the Storms are high,
And gloomy Clouds quite hide the spangled Sky:
I take my Staff, my Lanthorn, and my Bell,
And whilst you take your Rest keep all things well:
Thus your poor Bell-man does his Masters guard,
Whilst with your Bounty, you his Pains reward;
For which I pray good Lord from ill defend ye,
And give you all the Blessings Heaven can send ye.

To my Mistresses.

My Mistresses take care what e're you do,
To love my Masters well, as they love you:
For 'tis by Heavens just Laws decreed above,
That Man and Wife each other always love;
Live peaceably in Union, void of strife,
And reap the Comforts of a Married Life,
That when your Bodies are dissolv'd to Clay,
Your Souls may wed with everlasting day.

EPILOGUE.

Every New-year your Bell-man still doth bring,
In Print his duty and his Offering,
And hopes his Verses may each Master find
In humour pleasant, bountiful and kind;
Thus each New-year may happy prove to you,
Your Servant prays all blessings send you so,
And then when this corrupted Life is gone,
You may Eternal Life have ev'ry one.